

THE LITERARY GAZETTE:

OR,

Journal of Criticism, Science, and the Arts.

BEING A THIRD SERIES OF THE ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1821.

No. 20.

MEMOIR OF MRS. FRY.

[From Madame Adele De Thou's History of the Quakers.]

Elizabeth Gurney, (now Mrs. Fry,) the third daughter of Mr. John Gurney of Earham Hall, in the County of Norfolk, was born in 1780; she had the misfortune to lose her mother when very young, and was thus, at early age, in some measure abandoned to her own guidance. Her father, though a member of the Society of Friends, was by no means strict, and suffered his children to enjoy greater freedom than is usually permitted among individuals of that sect. Elizabeth Gurney was accustomed to mix much with society, and she enjoyed all the advantages of birth, fortune, and education: she was about seventeen years of age, when she first visited London; was anxious to see every thing, and having participated for a period in all the gay amusements of the capital, she returned to Norfolk. A short time after her return, some members of the society, (as is customary among the Friends) came to Earham to make a family visit. This suddenly wrought a transformation in the habits of the whole family; all became more serious, and seemed to feel the influence of the holy visit; Elizabeth, in particular, was deeply penetrated by the evangelical lectures which she heard. In a mind like hers, a religious impression was not likely to be transitory; too pious, and too well informed, to confine herself to useless forms of devotion, she proved her faith by her labours, and soon prevailed on her father to convert one of the apartments of Earham Hall into a school-room. Here she daily received four and twenty poor children, to whom she read and explained the Bible. She assumed the simple garb of the Quakers, and renounced all kinds of amusement. In 1800, she married Mr. Fry, whose generous and amiable character fully justifies her choice. Far from opposing her benevolent labours, he facilitates them, and af-

fords her ample means of relieving the unfortunate by annually placing at her disposal a considerable sum, which she applies entirely to the benefit of the poor. Mrs. Fry's life is devoted to acts of virtue, and her time is almost wholly occupied in charitable missions. She makes no distinction; the unfortunate are brothers, whatever be their country or religion: sorrow is every where the same, and benevolence should be universal. Mrs. Fry is at once a physician to the body and the soul; she comforts and feeds the poor, and supplies them with clothes and with Bibles; and thus she explains and teaches the gospel. She even administers succour to criminals: she regards vice merely as a disease, and never withholds assistance from the sick.

Mrs. Fry, on being informed of the deplorable state of the female prisoners in Newgate, resolved to relieve them. She applied to the governor for leave of admittance; he replied, that she would incur the greatest risk in visiting that abode of iniquity and disorder, which he himself scarcely dared to enter: he observed, that the language she must hear, would inevitably disgust her, and made use of every argument to prevail on her to relinquish her intention. Mrs. Fry said she was fully aware of the danger to which she exposed herself; and repeated her solicitations for permission to enter the prison. The governor advised her not to carry in with her either her purse or her watch, and Mrs. Fry replied;—"I thank you; I am not afraid; I don't think I shall lose any thing." She was shown into an apartment of the prison, which contained about one hundred and sixty women: those who were condemned, and those who had not been tried, were all suffered to associate together. The children who were brought up in this school of vice, and who never spoke without uttering an oath, added to the horror of the picture. The prisoners eat, cooked their victuals, and slept, all in the

same room; it might have been truly said, that Newgate prison resembled a den of savages. Mrs. Fry was not discouraged; the grace of God is infinite; the true christian never despairs. In spite of a very delicate state of health, she persevered in her pious design. The women listened to her, and gazed on her with amazement; the pure and tranquil expression of her beautiful countenance speedily softened their ferocity.

It has been remarked, that if virtue could be rendered visible, it would be impossible to resist its influence; and thus may be explained the extraordinary ascendancy which Mrs. Fry exercises over all whom she approaches. Virtue has indeed become visible, and has assumed the form of this benevolent lady, who is the guide and consolation of her fellow creatures. Mrs. Fry addressed herself to the prisoners: "you seem unhappy" said she; "you are in want of clothes; would you not be pleased if some one came to relieve your misery?" "Certainly," replied they; "but nobody cares for us, and where can we expect to find a friend?" "I am come with a wish to serve you, (resumed Elizabeth Fry,) and I think, if you second my endeavours, I may be of use to you." She addressed to them the language of peace, and afforded them a glimmering of hope; she spoke not of their crimes; the minister of an all-merciful God, she came there to comfort and to pray, and not to judge and condemn. When she was about to depart, the women thronged round her, as if to detain her; "You will never come again," said they; but she, who never broke her word, promised to return. She soon paid a second visit to this loathsome gaol, where she intended to pass the whole day; the doors were closed upon her, and she was left alone with the prisoners. "You cannot suppose," said she, addressing them, "that I have come here without being commissioned: this book, (she held a Bible in her hand,) which has been the

guide of my life, has led me to you; it directed me to visit the prisoners, and to take pity on the poor and the afflicted; I am willing to do all that lies in my power, but my efforts will be vain, unless met and aided by you. She asked whether they would not like to hear her read a few passages from the book. They replied they would. Mrs. Fry selected the parable of the Lord of the vineyard (St. Matthew, chap. 20;) and when she came to the man who was hired at the eleventh hour, she said, "now the eleventh hour strikes for you; the greater part of your lives has been lost, but Christ is come to save sinners!" Some asked, who Christ was! others said, that he had not come for them; that the time was passed, and that they could not be saved. Mrs. Fry replied, that Christ had suffered, that he had been poor, and that he had come to save the poor and afflicted in particular.

Mrs. Fry obtained permission to assemble the children in a school established within the prison, for the purpose of promoting their religious instruction. The female prisoners, in spite of their profligate and vicious habits, joyfully embraced the opportunity of ameliorating the condition of their children. Much was already effected, by restoring these women to the first sentiment of nature; namely, maternal affection.

A woman, denominated the *Matron*, was entrusted with the control of the prisoners, under the superintendence of the ladies of the Society of Friends, composing the Newgate Committee.

Mrs. Fry, having drawn up a set of rules of conduct for the prisoners, a day was fixed, and the Lord Mayor and one of the Aldermen being present, she read aloud the articles, and asked the prisoners whether they were willing to adopt them; they were directed to raise their hands as a sign of approval. Mrs. Fry's constitution was received unanimously; so sincere were the sentiments of respect and confidence she had inspired.

Thanks to her perseverance, and the years she has devoted to her pious undertaking, a total change has been effected in Newgate prison; the influence of virtue has softened the horror of vice, and Newgate has become the asylum of repentance.

Fridays* are the public day—on which strangers are permitted to visit the gaol, where Mrs. Fry reads and explains passages of the Bible to the prisoners. Her voice is extremely beautiful; its pure clear tones are admirably calculated to plead the cause of virtue.

The late Queen expressed a wish to see Mrs. Fry, and in the most flattering terms testified the admiration she felt for her conduct. The thanks of the city of London were voted to her; and in short, there is not an Englishman who does not bless her name.

But it may justly be asked, in what country except England, would a woman, and particularly a woman not professing the established religion, have been suffered to interfere with prisons, and prescribe laws to prisoners. In any other country, personal interests and party animosity would have opposed the great results of persevering virtue. In this age of revolution and demoralization, it is a gratifying task to extol the noble independence of a nation, which, secure in the strength of its laws and morality, may venture to award the distinctions due to merit, without being withheld by prejudice.

Mrs. Fry, who is as useful among the members of her own sect as she has been in Newgate, exercises, in her evangelic mission, that charitable indulgence which arises from sincere piety and a pure conscience. Her eloquence penetrates the soul; no one can hear her without becoming more virtuous, or at least without feeling convinced that he may become so; she is not feared but loved; and she is herself the example of what she preaches. How many affecting anecdotes might I relate! But here I shall close this notice, happy in reflecting that Mrs. Fry is still young, and that in all probability she may yet live long, for the happiness of her family, her friends, and the poor.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

[From the London Literary Gazette.]

Paris, Feb. 25th, 1821.

There is a literary society in Paris, the members of which (who are admitted on paying an annual sum of about one hundred francs) assemble every evening to discuss litera-

ture and politics, to read the newspapers, or to hear literary and scientific lectures, delivered by professors who are for the most part men of distinguished learning. This society is called *L'Athénée Royale*; but in the time of the revolution, it was known by the name of the *Lyceé des Arts*. Many men celebrated in the annals of literature and the arts in France, have been members of this society; and among others La Harpe, Fourcroy, Guinguené, Chenier, &c. It is worthy of remark, that all these great men first gained their reputation by the lectures they delivered at the *Lyceé*; for example, the *Cours de Littérature* of La Harpe, Fourcroy's *Système des Connaissances Chimiques*, and Guinguené's *Histoire Littéraire de l'Italie*. Many of the public professors of France have commenced their career of public instruction, and first developed their oratorical powers, in the *Athénée*. It should be observed, that since the French revolution, the society has been distinguished for its liberal opinions; and has, in consequence, continually been the object of the attacks of the journals favourable to the old regime, such as the *Journal de Débats*, the *Gazette de France*, &c. But as it usually happens, the hostility of these journals has tended only to increase the celebrity of the *Athénée*; and indeed the society, aware of the advantages it might derive from party contentions, has endeavoured of late years to obtain as a lecturer, some clever man of decided opinion, without caring to what political opinion he might belong; for the style of the lectures is almost a matter of indifference, provided that the subscriptions be well filled up. Thus during the preceding years, M. Say, M. Benjamin Constant, M. Tissot, and other political writers, have been professors at the *Athénée*.

This year the acting committee of the society cast their eyes on M. Jouy, who likes much to be nicknamed the *Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin*, though nothing can less resemble a hermit than he does; for he loves what hermits avoid, namely, society, literary fame, honours, places and pensions. He also evinced no little attachment to the reign of Buonaparte. However, as M. Jouy is now a decided *liberal*, we must suppose that he hates despotism as a hermit should do. The new professor has

* Thursdays, we believe.—ED.

chosen as the subject of his lectures, *morality applied to politic science*. His style is very singular: while hearing him, one might be inclined to imagine, that he was entertaining his auditors with articles from the *Minerve Française*. There is a want of order and connection in his lectures; and sometimes his reasoning is not remarkably correct; but in other respects they are highly entertaining, as they consist of epigrams on politics, satirical portraits, anecdotes of literature, and a tolerable share of wit. One cannot help laughing and applauding the professor, who at least amuses his auditors, if he does not afford them much instruction. At a late sitting, he took for his theme: "Diplomacy is a system of deception; morality alone can bring back this science to its true destination." Of course M. Jony alluded chiefly to modern diplomacy; and it must be acknowledged, that the professor occasionally displayed some happy thoughts and definitions, which were the more seasonable, as they applied to the events of the present day, to which the press is not sufficiently at liberty to give publicity. But these particular applications and individual examples, heaped one upon the other, and interspersed with ironical allusions to the well known diplomacy of the European cabinets, formed altogether a very inconsistent and truly whimsical whole.

A short time previously, M. Viennot had read from the same chair, and in the presence of a numerous auditory, a poetical epistle on a political subject. The poet took advantage of the accounts of the intrigues of the Escorial, and the return of the King of Spain to Madrid, to exhort the monarch not to deviate from the line of constitutional conduct which he had prescribed to himself, if he wished to preserve his throne. "Be faithful to your oaths," said M. Viennot, addressing the King, in his epistle, "and it will signify little whether a northern Congress censure or praise you." This essay, which was recited with all the energy peculiar to a young poet, and especially to a French poet, created a great sensation; but the journals were not permitted to quote passages from it.

Some literary men of the ultra party, indignant at the success of the liberal lectures at the *Athenee*, have

resolved to raise altar against altar: or in other words, to establish a society which shall be the counterpart of the *Athenee*. It is to be called the *Société des Bonnes Lettres*; and it may readily be supposed, that it will disseminate doctrines directly opposed to those promulgated by the *Athenee*. The Marquis de Fontanes, who commenced his oratorical career in the republic, and who succeeded, (perhaps more by his flatteries than his poetical talent, although the latter is very distinguished,) in obtaining the rank of Grand Master of the University, and Senator, under Buonaparte, but who, since the restoration, has exhibited a wonderful liking for the system of the *Ultras*, has a strong desire to be the patron of this infant society. Thus Paris will have two Institutions, for the two parties which at present divide France.

As France now stands, it is certainly a good speculation to endeavour to satisfy opposing tastes; that which is rejected by one party, is sure to be espoused by the other. It is singular to observe, that divisions exist even among the professors of the great establishments of education, which are maintained, too, at the expence of the government. It may be remarked, however, that those professors who support liberal opinions, such as M. Daunou, M. Guizot, &c., and who consequently are not particularly in favour with the present ministers, attract the most numerous auditory; indeed it is difficult to gain admission to some of their lectures. Nevertheless the public loses nothing by this, for their discourses are now published periodically, like the proceedings of the chambers and the tribunals: this is, at least, an excellent plan for accelerating the constitutional education of the country.

A characteristic story, as connected with public lectures in Paris, lately came under our cognizance. Mr. Mulock, the gentleman who is at present engaged in giving an interesting exposition of English literature, at the Argyle Rooms, (and whose lectures at Geneva we noticed some time ago,) delivered somewhat of a similar course in the capital of our neighbours. Upon one occasion, in January last, in taking a view of the political state of Europe as connected with its literary improvement, he happened to speak

nearly as follows of France. "And first, in reference to the land in which I am a passing guest—a land which I must place, where she has placed herself by her follies and her crimes, least and lowest in the scale of European nations: Whithersoever I turn my eye in France, I behold degradation or destitution—a government without strength, struggling to sway an insurgent people, and by the worst means—false loyalty leaning on the broken crutch of false religion—an atheistic land scourged by squadrons of anti-christian missionaries, whose carnal cry is, up with the cross, and down with the bible—a paper constitution seized hold of by contending factions, to sanction the practical suspension of rights, or to prompt the popular denial of duties. Do you require a more minute inventory of a nation's nothings? Fields without industry—cities without commerce—courts without justice—churches without piety—houses without homes—pamphleteering in lieu of literature, and sensuality substituted for the affections. Nor do I overstep the limits of prudent political prediction, when I proclaim that this guilty perversion of all good—this fond election of evil, will ere long be visited with penal vengeance. Fresh convulsions within will call forth another conquering crusade from without. Another cloud of Cossack conservators of the peace of Europe may again darken over the 'vine covered hills and gay vallies of France.' 'Last scene of all that ends this strange eventful history,' another Blucher may supplicate to be the privileged conflagrator of Paris, without being frustrated by any benign imperial interposition, commanding him to sheathe the sabres, and extinguish the torches of his military artificers of havoc."

This, to be sure, was rather strong language to use; but the French mode of taking it up, instead of refuting it, would seem to show, that at least the passage imputing folly had some foundation. For the lecturer being called on for a supplementary discourse, received on the evening preceding, the following letter:

"Some French officers have learned, with equal surprize and indignation, the manner in which you spoke of France, at your last sitting, in the Rue Vivienne.

"They do not here allude to your literary opinions, which can injure none but yourself, and which at once

prove your ignorance, your want of taste, and your bad faith: the owl, which cannot endure the light of the sun, denies its splendour.

"The matter in question is the opinion which you have set forth against France as a nation, in despite of decorum, the rights of hospitality, and of all that mankind holds sacred.

"You are, no doubt, fully aware of the infamy of such conduct, which, but for the contempt it inspires, would most assuredly have been punished by those who despise you more than the *Cossacks* and the *Bluchers*. Frenchmen recognize enemies, but not poitroons.

"Still, however, contempt will not long stifle the voice of injured honor: any new insult will cause you to be visited by signal vengeance. This language bears no equivocal meaning: French officers repel calmness and insolence on the field of honor, and with the sword in hand.

"We therefore command you, in the name of France which you have largely attacked, in the name of truth which you have outraged, and of that religion which you have renounced by slandering your fellow creatures, not to give on Saturday the lecture you have announced.

"We are, with the contempt you deserve,

MILLIN, BARBEROUX, ST DIDIER
French Officers."

Paris, Jan. 26th, 1821.

We have only to add, by way of explanation, that the signatures are not those of unknown persons: Barberoux is the son of the deputy, and St. Didier a colonel of duelling notoriety. Our countryman nevertheless pronounced his lecture, and treated the threat with ridicule as one of assassination.

POEMS,

By Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson.

[From the London Literary Gazette.]

This lady obtained our commendations for her poem of *Astarte*; and we have pleasure in saying, that the present volume renews our favourable impression of her talents, and affords us an opportunity of repeating our praise. As in works of this unpresuming class criticism is not challenged, we hope we shall have discharged our duty to the author and public, by selecting a few specimens. The first poem is an 'Ode to my Lyre,' and though it begins inauspiciously, by talking of sorrow's hand

having cropt its (the Lyre's) *flowers*, the three concluding stanzas redeem it.

My Lyre!—when first we met,
'Twas when youth's cloudless morning
smil'd;

Ere Fortune's glowing sun had set,
When hope my heart beguil'd;
I thought thee but a toy,
Fit to amuse life's idle hours—
And, careless then, 'mid scenes of joy,
I scorn'd thy gentle pow'rs.

But now, I find thou art
A friend,—when other friendships fail;
A soothing of the aching heart,
That tells to thee its tale—
I love thee, and I prize thee now,
More than when Pleasure's sun was
bright,

Since Grief has circled round my brow
Her deep and starless night.

Come, then—neglected Lyre!—
Now Pleasure's lighter touch has flown,
The trembling hand, that sweeps thy wire,
Is thine, and thine alone!
Thou need'st no rival fear,
To lure my heart again from thee;
I hail thee now, companion dear,
Sole partner in my misery.

The versification in which our next example is written, has, we think, become too unfrequent: for its effect is very pleasing.

STANZAS.

Yes! Time indeed has chang'd that face,
since last it met my gaze,
For thee no longer can I trace the smiles
of former days—

The laughing light of joy has flown, which
on that cheek did bloom;
And o'er that once gay brow is thrown, a
deep and settled gloom!

Dim is the lustre of the eye that fired my
early dreams,
Cold and unmov'd it passes by, nor turns
on me its beams—

'Tis sad to see the aspect strange, that
reigns in every part,
Yet saddest is to me the change, that's
wrought within thy heart!

Fain would returning Hope renew Affec-
tion's sever'd chain—

But what can re unite Love's clue, when
once 'tis snapp'd in twain?
Pity, indeed, may fill the breast, tho'
Passion's reign is o'er;
But where Distrust has been a guest,
Love will return no more!

The following poem is, perhaps, our favourite in the whole collection.

THE WARRIOR.

Ah, Lady!—sigh not thus for me,
Since I can ne'er be thine—
The peace and rest that dwell with thee,
'Mid scenes of ease and revelry,
Charm not a heart like mine.
A wild and wandering life I lead,
A desperate death shall die—

Where the young and brave in battle
bleed,
Where the Warrior falls from the gasping
steed,
There the form thou lov'st must lie.

Then say, can one so rugged, Sweet!
Be a fitting mate for thee?
No!—the green-grass turf for a winding-
sheet,
And the field of death is a bed more meet,
Than the bridal couch for me!

Then, Lady! waste no more thy love,
On a heart so cold as mine—
For tears can ne'er my bosom move,
Though the eyes that weep make the orbs
above,
Beside them dimly shine!

But it is not an eye of the violet's light,
That can weave a net for me—
Nor a cheek with beauty's roses bright,
Though soft as the blush of a summer's
night,

That can steal my liberty!
No! powerless is beauty's warmest sigh,
On the Warrior's marble breast—
Who wakes at morn 'mid the battle's cry,
And slumbers at night with the lullaby
Of the cannon to soothe his rest!

And unfitting for a lady's ear,
Are the sounds he loves so well—
The death-shout, pealing loud and drear,
The clanging helm, and clashing spear,
That ring a Soldier's knell!

Then, Lady!—sigh not thus for me,
Since I can ne'er be thine—
The peace and rest that dwell with thee,
'Mid scenes of joy and revelry,
Charm not a soul like mine!

We have only room for another
piece:

THE EVENING HOUR.

This is the hour when Memory wakes,
Visions of joy that could not last—
This is the hour when Fancy takes
A survey of the past!

She brings before the pensive mind
The hallow'd scenes of earlier years—
And friends, who long have been con-
sign'd!

To silence and to tears!
The few we lik'd—the one we lov'd,—
A sacred band!—come stealing on—
And many a form far hence remov'd,
And many a pleasure gone!

Friendships, that now in death are hush'd,
And young Affection's broken chain—
And hopes that Fate too quickly crush'd,
In Memory live again!

Few watch the fading gleams of Day,
'ut muse on hopes, as quickly flown,
Tint after tint, they died away,
Till all at last were gone!

This is the hour when Fancy wreaths,
Her spells round joys that could not
last—
This is the hour when Memory breathes,
A sigh to pleasures past!

We are sorry to see it stated, that these poem were written in sickness—yet, where can the consolations of the muse be more wanted—more valuable?

Interesting particulars of the German poet, Klopstock.

[From the Journal of a recent traveller on the Continent.]

Notwithstanding our very limited sojourn at Hamburgh, we found time to visit the residence of the celebrated German poet Klopstock. We of course caught with avidity all the information that was to be collected from the verbal communications of those who had lived in habits of intimacy with him, and our industry in making these inquiries was rewarded to an extent that we could scarcely have hoped for, considering the secluded life of this estimable and highly gifted author. Though somewhat heavy and phlegmatic in his poetry, Klopstock is said to have been extremely lively and fluent in society, and to have regulated the exuberance of his imagination with much better effect in his conversation than he was wont to do in his writings. His wit was poignant and sportive, yet usually dignified and commanding; and his eloquence in recital always surpassed the most studied and elaborate of his compositions. One distinguishing trait in his character seems to have been a lofty feeling of superiority, arising probably in a great measure out of the consciousness of his own genius and capabilities. He was very partial to the society of young people, and used to observe, in illustration of this predilection, that the company of a young *simpleton* was at all times preferable to that of an old fool!

We saw a painting, in the possession of a gentleman at Hamburgh, by the elegant Angelica Kaufmann, the subject of which was taken from the second canto of the *Messias*: this accomplished artist appears to have lived on terms of great intimacy with Klopstock. In a corner of the picture, close to the frame, are inserted these words: "*From Angelica Kaufman, to her friend and associate Klopstock.*" The poet wished to have employed her in delineating various other scenes from the *Messias*; but the injunctions he imposed upon her were so abundantly absurd, that she entirely relinquished the idea she had previously entertained of illus-

trating the work. Klopstock wanted her to paint angels without wings, and to introduce disembodied spirits that were to differ materially from the heavenly hierarchy. He also insisted that the head of Christ would not do unless quite equal to that by Guido Rheni, with many other things equally ridiculous and unreasonable.

Klopstock's poetry has been considerably overrated, and it is only now beginning to find its proper level. 'Tis true, his writings are full of forcible and vivid imagery; but then he too frequently loses himself in mystical abstraction, or else is betrayed by the unrestrained fervor of his imagination into bathos and extravagance. His principal merit is his diction, which is precisely that portion of a poem most injured and metamorphosed in translation. There is besides a good deal of dignity in some of his *dramatis personæ*; but when the consistency of a character is once overthrown by making him talk bombastically, the mind does not speedily recover the temper and tone necessary to enable the reader to relish and duly understand the beauties of a serious poem. Klopstock is every where spoken of as a man of exemplary virtue.

We afterwards passed on to Altona, near which place, in the romantically situated church-yard of Otten- sen, lie the remains of Margareta, the first wife of Klopstock, who died in child-bed. Her monument is of white marble, decorated with two wheat sheaves, placed across each other, at the foot of which are these words:

Seed sown by God, 'gainst harvest-day to ripen.*

Then follows an inscription, which runs thus:

In that happy region, where death shall be no more, Margareta Klopstock awaits her friend, her husband, for whom she has so great an affection, and by whom she is so fondly loved. Then at that glorious consummation of our wishes will we arise together; thou, my Klopstock, and I, and our child, whom it was not permitted to me to bring into the world.†

The grave is almost surrounded by an evergreen hedge, and is in part shaded by the branches of a spreading lime tree. The neighbourhood

* A line from Klopstock's *Messias*—
"Saet gesæet von Gott, dem tage der garben zu reifen."

† This is purposely as literal a version of the epitaph as could be offered.

is beautiful in the extreme; just one of those delicious landscapes which Claude knew so well how to render upon his canvass—a rich extent of wood and water, with every possible variety of object that could soothe the eye, or enliven the fancy. The sun was, as it were, reluctantly be-reaving this sweet scene of his last and softest smile, as we left it to proceed on our journey.

CAMPBELL'S LECTURES.

From the April No. of the London New Monthly Magazine.

Mr. Campbell's Lectures on Poetry.

LECTURE II.—PART I.

HEBREW POETRY.

If the Poetry of the Old Testament had no other claim upon our attention, its antiquity alone would render it a venerable object of curiosity. The Hebrew language is a dialect of a primitive Asiatic speech* that was once diffused over Palestine, Phœnicia, Mesopotamia, Babylonia and Arabia, and that even extended to Æthiopia. This parent tongue divided itself into three great branches. One of these was the Aramaish; the eastern and western subdivisions of which were the Chaldaic and Syriac. A second branch was the Cananish or Hebrew spoken in Palestine and Phœnicia; of which the Punic or Carthaginian language was a colonial descendant. A third branch was the Arabic, of which the Æthiopic was a collateral dialect.

Of these kindred old languages, the Hebrew and Arabic alone have transmitted their literature to posterity. But the age of the oldest Arabian compositions is insignificant when compared with that of the Jewish scriptures, and can scarcely be traced higher than the time of Mahomet. Indeed the more we contemplate the Old Testament, the more we shall be struck by the salutary grandeur in which it stands, as an historical monument, amidst the waste of time. Its distinct annals present a singular contrast to the vague accounts which can but here and there be gleaned respecting the three other nations of antiquity, who,

* The Fathers of the Church used to call this parent speech "*the language of the East.*" Some modern philologists have termed it the Sematish, on the assumption that it originated with the immediate descendants of Sem; but the propriety of this appellation may fairly be disputed.

besides the Hebrews, possessed the earliest civilization of mankind. Babylon produced records of astronomical observations which had been made 200 years anterior to the time of Alexander the Great; and Egypt and Phœnicia were the primitive nurseries of human arts. But over Babylonish, Egyptian and Phœnician literature, what oblivion has fallen—whilst the writings of the Hebrews have come down to us so as to throw light even on the history of their conquerors. Their historical records may be said to end where those of Greece begin—the first of their historians being a thousand years anterior to Herodotus, and the last of them his contemporary; and they possessed beautiful poetry, which was committed to writing, probably, centuries before letters were known in Greece, and before the remotest period in which we can suppose the author of the *Iliad* to have existed.

Palestine itself may be regarded as the native country of the Hebrew tongue. There is no appearance of the Israelites having introduced a new language into Canaan when they invaded and conquered it. The scriptures are remarkably particular in making us acquainted with the difference of speech between the Jews and all other nations with whom they came into contact. Thus in Egypt they are decidedly mentioned to have been among a people of a strange tongue. That they could not understand an Assyrian without an interpreter, is clear from the 36th chapter of Isaiah, in which their interview with the messengers of Sennacherib is described.

The Chaldeans also spoke a language unintelligible to the Jews.* But though the Canaanites and the Israelites dwelt long together in the same land, no mention is any where made of the difference of their speech. On the contrary, Hebrew is denominated by Isaiah, the language of Canaan. The descendants of Abraham must have, therefore, brought the Hebrew with them out of Canaan into Egypt, and carried it with them again into the promised land. Some changes, no doubt, took place in the speech both of the Canaanites and Israelites, during the Egyptian bondage; but none, it would appear, that required the two races to use an interpreter.

* Jeremiah, chapter v. verse 15.

The earliest place in the history of poetry is thus due to the Hebrew muse. Nor let it be held inconsistent with respect for her sacred character, that her poetry should be contemplated in the light of literary taste and curiosity. To approach the subject in this point of view can not tend to abstract any rationally religious mind from the more important objects of revelation. I shall therefore consider the state of poetry among the Jews, as a human art. This is not to derogate from the divine impulse of the sacred poets, but to consider their eloquence and imagination as men apart from their supernatural impulse as prophets. I may be unconsciously wrong in drawing this distinction; or even if right, I may be unable to reconcile it to all men's scruples. But I can affirm that the distinction has been made by respectable theologians, and by scholars who have spent their lives in elucidating the history of the sacred writings. I wish, however, to speak under the warrant of common sense, and not the shelter of authority. It seems to me more reasonable to suppose that, when the Deity inspired his messengers with the substance of truth, he should have left the poetical utterance of that truth to the natural individual genius of those who were commissioned to deliver it, than that he should have supernaturally interfered with its imagery, expression and versification. The doctrine was supernatural: the poetry was a contingent method of conveying it; an artificial texture thrown over the spiritual meaning as a human means, like music or architecture, to affect the imagination of those to whom it was addressed. It is probable that although the prophets generally spoke as *improvisatori*, they accustomed themselves by practice to a prompt command of beautiful language in order to grace their vocation. There were schools of prophecy established by Samuel; in judging of which it would ill accord with our ideas of divination to imagine, that the prescience of futurity could be taught to the disciples.

But they were trained in the knowledge of religion. Some of them practised music; and others, undoubtedly, addicted themselves to poetry. Among those who were

called to be prophets, the burden of inspiration certainly descended on men of very different accomplishments and degrees of genius. I though they are, all of them, more or less symbolical and figurative, some of them are far from coming within the strict denomination of poets, a circumstance which, of itself, forbids us to identify poetical with prophetic inspiration. No doubt, in proportion to the genius of the sacred writers, their subjects inspired them with lofty conceptions; but not with a miraculous influence, extending to the preference of their phrases, the shape of their metaphors, and the harmony of their periods. We must remark that they addressed an unrefined people, whose manners and imaginations were not, in all respects, calculated to make the eloquence that should best please them, a perfect standard of taste. The scriptures themselves were given for higher purposes than to teach æsthetics; purposes, in comparison with which the importance of poetry sinks into nothing.

These remarks are still consistent with our attaching a high value to the Hebrew muse. Many circumstances concurred to stamp the national mind of the Hebrews with impressions favourable to poetry. Their great legislator's system rested on principles the most flattering to their pride as a community, and the most strongly calculated to cherish their public enthusiasm. They were set apart as a people to be united by the remembrance of their common descent and of their covenant with heaven. Their religion, by forbidding them to worship God under any visible form, exercised their hearts, and not their mere external senses, in devotion. At the same time their conception of the Deity was evidently remote from the coldness of abstraction, and blended ideas of the visible and the spiritual, peculiarly mysterious and poetical to the imagination. If their creed shut out the gay fables of Polytheism, it had in lieu of these a simple and majestic beauty of its own. It gave them a ritual that was symbolical of purity. It averted the horrors of other superstitions, such as the orgies of Bael Peor, and the infernal sacrifices of Moloch, that bereaved human nature of its modesty and instincts. The Hebrews, moreover, were a free and simple people of husbandmen and shepherds,

* Jeremiah must be considered an exception, for we read of his scribe Baruch.

with no commercial pursuits or foreign intercourse to withdraw their attachment from their native soil. Their lands, which were equally divided among the heads of families, could not without difficulty be alienated from their possessors; and if they were alienated, were always allowed to be reclaimed at the return of the Jubilee. The Mosaic constitution was theocratic, but it possessed a decided share of equalizing and elective principles. These circumstances were strong contributives to the growth of those local affections and proud patriotic prejudices which give an ardent and heartfelt character to poetry. Their religious, like their political institutions, also partook of a social spirit, that was calculated to expand the heart and fancy. Three times in every year the people were assembled at their sacred festivals. Of these, the feast of the tabernacles was the most splendid and remarkable. The bulk of the nation met on that occasion from every quarter, and dwelt for several days in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem, under huts or tents formed of the boughs of trees. Popular rejoicings were intermixed with the ceremonies of religion. The youths and virgins of the different tribes formed attachments and contracted marriages. The traditions respecting this festival leave us little room to doubt of its having been a scene of enthusiastic exhilaration from the earliest times. The people are described as being then arrayed in "their shining garments," and all the rabbinical writers agree that no joy was ever comparable to that of the feast for the keeping of the law.

The country to which the Hebrew was thus attached by his religion and patriotism, was peculiarly fitted to awaken the imagination by the objects of terror and delight which it presented to the senses: a climate, for the most part bright and salutary, but subject, at times, to droughts, inundations and whirlwinds, unknown to more temperate regions, and to beautiful bursts and appearances of fertility as rapid as the desolations of nature which had preceded them; a soil of boldly diversified aspect, contrasting summits of eternal barrenness with gardens of aromatic luxuriance; the vineyard, the pasture and the cornfield, the glory of Lebanon and the beauty of Carmel, with the reedy haunts of

Behemoth, and with caverns and deserts that re-echoed the voice of the lion. Accordingly, the phenomena of nature are painted with an energy and lavishness in Hebrew poetry that is equalled in the compositions of no other people.

We shall look in vain elsewhere for such conceptions of the commotions of nature as those of Isaiah, when he describes "*the earth reeling to and fro like a drunkard, and removed like a cottage.*" The Hebrew muse is a complete inmate of nature. She describes it throughout, from the starry firmament to the flowers of the field; and as Michaelis remarks, she is the most botanical of all Muses, for the various plants that are mentioned in sacred writ, and chiefly in poetry, amount to several hundreds.

At the same time, while the impressions of nature and religion give a sublime poetical impulse to the Hebrew spirit, there were circumstances in the condition of the Jews, evidently unfavorable to the free cultivation of poetry, and to its ripening among them into the shape of epic or dramatic composition. The book of Job has been called a drama, but it has, in reality, no title to that appellation. It is true that there may have been popular Hebrew strains on other subjects than those of religion, which have not been handed down to us.—

The purity of the Mosaic system was not conceived to be violated by the cheerfulness that reigned among the people during their great festivals; and it would be ascribing an ascetic severity to their manners, seldom evinced by human nature, to suppose that no canticles of love and conviviality were composed and chanted on these joyous occasions. But on the whole there existed a great obstacle to the expansive growth of their secular poetry; and this I think consisted, not as some have alledged, in the unheroic nature of their manners, but simply in their theocratic constitution, of which the Levites formed the sole and literary aristocracy.—The institutions of such a state could not have permitted any body of men like the rhapsodists of antiquity, or the troubadours of the middle ages, to have gone about as "*Imaginations chartered liberties,*" converting his story into fiction. Poetry was appropriated to the service of religion, and could have found no national subjects for epopee, or the drama, that were not of a religious character. With

foreign history or literature the Jews were too much isolated during their independence to have any acquaintance. But had a Jewish poet purposed to dramatize, or adorn with his own inventions any portion of the national history, he would have found a powerful priesthood ready to watch and avenge as sacrilege, whatever liberties he might have taken with those records of which they were the constituted guardians. Had another Æschylus arisen, in primitive Jerusalem, he would have encountered more certain perils than the founder of the Athenian stage; and he could not like him have called in painting and sculpture to his assistance in the drama.* For those arts, however elegant and salutary in themselves, were by no means adapted to the peculiar situation of the Jews, and would, in all probability, have been absolutely pernicious among a people so constantly prone to relapse into idolatry.

Some writers (one of whom is the eloquent Herder) have certainly indulged a visionary admiration in ascribing a superior poetical beauty to all the peculiarities of the Hebrew tongue, even to its want of a present tense in the verb, and its general paucity of flexions. But it is confessedly bold and figurative in its idioms, insomuch that it is often impossible to transfuse its spirit by literal translation into the more sober languages of the west. Its genius is averse from abstraction, but its individual expressions teem with powerful and picturesque imagination. The thoughts of the mind are clothed in life and made visible. Thus the blood of Abel "*cries from the ground,*" and the "*shadow of death is on the eyelids of the mourner.*"† Its metaphors too have a peculiar union of grandeur and familiarity; as when the Psalmist compares his afflictions to the ploughshare ploughing over him, or when Isaiah describes the devoted nation that shall be swept before "*the besom of destruction.*" But notwithstanding this dauntless imagery, the Hebrew has its style of prose as well as of poetry, and there are separate terms in the language to designate both kinds of composition. Some books of the Old Testament are so unequivocally poetical, that no dispute can exist as to their title to that character. These are the Psalms,

* Herder's *Geist der Ebraischen Poesie*.

† Job.

the Proverbs, Lamentations, the Song of Solomon, Ecclesiastes, and the book of Job, with the exception of its two introductory chapters.* With respect to the prophets, there has been some difference of opinion among critics, whether they ought in strictness to be classed as orators or poets. Undoubtedly the whole body of prophecy cannot be pronounced to be poetical, as some parts of it are only recital. But, on the other hand, it is unquestionable that some of the prophets speak to us with the very soul of poetry; and it is known that prophetic utterance was sometimes assisted by minstrelsy.† The most competent judges also ascribe to the prophets characteristics of style which it is not easy to reconcile with the idea of prose; so that in a general view we may rank the oracular writers as poets. The books of the Old Testament devoted to history, narration, and the enunciation of laws and ceremonies, are in prose, with this exception, that even in these books whenever prophecies, blessings, or songs of praise are introduced, the style immediately rises into poetry.

Hebrew poetry is distinguished

* De Wette, in his *Lehrbuch der Historischen Kritischen Einleitung in die Bibel Alten und Neuen Testaments*, ranks the six books above enumerated as the only strictly poetical parts of the Old Testament. He admits, however, that the elder prophets, i. e. those preceding the Babylonish captivity, display a high degree of eloquence and imagination, and that their sentences assume a regular balance of members [one great characteristic of Hebrew poetry], whenever their enthusiasm is strongly excited. But he regards them as orators rather than poets, and classes the prophets after the captivity simply as prose writers. Gesenius reckons the diction of the prophets as something between prose and poetry. But that excellent scholar allows that the earlier prophets almost fully reach the characteristics of phraseology which are acknowledged in Hebrew to be peculiar to poetry. He goes even a little further; for though he describes the later prophets, among whom was Ezekiel, as approaching to prose in their style, yet distinguishing, I suppose, Ezekiel's style from his imagination as a composer, he calls him a most original poet; although he presumes to tax his fancy with wantoning in grotesque and gigantic imagery. Thus the opinion of Gesenius (and it is a weighty one), is not very different from Dr. Lowth's, who treats so many of the prophets as absolute poets.

† Elisha, when about to prophecy, called for a minstrel.

from prose by a bolder use of figures, a more elliptical phraseology, and by peculiar usages in the form, signification, and grammatical junction of words. That it also possessed distinctly measurable verse, cannot be doubted, since many of its strains were adapted to music. There are traces too of metrical division apparent in several poems of the Bible, where the initial letters of the successive lines, or stanzas, follow the order of the alphabet. But the laws of Hebrew prosody have not hitherto been, and are not likely to be, ascertained with certainty. In one respect its harmony was certainly different from Greek and Roman verse, which has no simultaneous pauses in the metre and meaning, whereas each portion of a Hebrew verse contains a distinct portion of sense. A full period is divided into members generally equal to each other in the number of words, and these members balance each other by thought corresponding to thought, in repetition, in reply, in amplification, or in contrast. Parallel forms of syntax in the different clauses of a sentence, also heighten the symmetrical structure of the language. The period of two parallel members is the most common in Hebrew poetry. This form of versification pervades the whole of the 114th psalm—as

1. When Israel went out of Egypt,
2. The house of Jacob from a strange people.

1. Judah was God's sanctuary,
2. And Israel his dominion.

1. The sea saw and fled,
2. Jordan was driven back.

There is thus a rhythm or harmony of thought in Hebrew poetry, the distinct appearance of which has survived all doubt and disputes about the structure of its verse. The nervous simplicity and conciseness of the Hebrew muse, prevent this parallelism from degenerating into monotony. In repeating the same idea in different words, she seems as if displaying a fine opal that discovers fresh beauty in every new light to which it is turned. Her amplifications of a given thought are like the echo of a solemn melody; her repetitions of it like the landscape reflected in the stream. And while her questions and responses give a life-like effect to her compositions,

they remind us of the alternate voices in public devotion, to which they were manifestly adapted.

That the Jewish legislator blended the character of a poet with his other accomplishments, is apparent from his sublime song of triumph after the passage of the Red Sea, as well as from his prophetic ode in the book of Deuteronomy. But still Moses cannot be regarded as the inventor of Hebrew poetry, since his history contains two poetical fragments, the address of Lamech to his wives, and the predictions of Jacob to his children, which are given as the compositions of a period anterior to his own, and which, in all probability, has been preserved by oral tradition. If the antiquity of the book of Job could be proved, it would offer a most important monument of Hebrew poetry anterior to the age of David. But from what has been hitherto argued on the subject of that book, the weight of opinion appears to be against the idea of its antiquity being superior to that of the psalms.*

During the interval between Moses and David, though at a date very close to the days of the latter, the establishment of schools of prophecy must have been favourable to the growth of poetry, as poetical language was the general vehicle of prophecy. But the gifted influence of David evidently produced a new era in the productions of the Hebrew muse. It is impossible to conceive his example and genius as a poet, combined with the splendid circumstances of his reign having failed to communicate an enthusiastic impulse to the imagination of his people. He extended their empire, he subdued their enemies, and founded their capital, Jerusalem in Zion, which he had won from the Jebusites; and having brought the ark of the covenant to the consecrated city, he invested the national worship with a pomp of attendance and a plentitude

* Dr. Lowth contended for its patriarchal antiquity; Michaelis thought it as ancient as the age of Moses. Gesenius, De Wette, and the Hebrew scholars of the present German school place its date, as a composition, close upon the captivity, and deny its connexion with Arabian literature. When I speak of the weight of opinions I mean only those which have been published. Our own eminent Hebraist, Mr. Bellamy, informs me that he conceives the book of Job to be very ancient, and to have been a translation.

of vocal and instrumental music, calculated to give an inspiring effect to its solemnities. He himself relieved the cares attending a diadem, with the harp, which had been the solace of his adversities, and the companion of his shepherd days; and leading his people in devotion, as he had led them in battle, he employed his genius in the composition of beautiful strains for the accompaniment of their sacred rites. He must have thus differed in taste for music and poetry much beyond what the nation had hitherto possessed.

There is much in the Psalms, no doubt, which can neither be attributed to David nor to any of his contemporaries.* But there is still enough to establish his general, and even peculiar, character as a poet. His traits of inspiration are lovely and touching, rather than daring and astonishing. His voice as a worshipper has a penetrating accent of human sensibility, varying from plaintive melancholy to luxuriant gladness, and even rising to ecstatic rapture. In grief, *"his heart is melted like wax, and deep answers to deep, whilst the waters of affliction pass over him."*

* Eichorn (in his *Einleitung in das Alte Testament*) conceives the highest sublimity of poetical character to belong to those psalms which are ascribed to the children of Korah. Of these Heman the Esrachite was the chief singer. His reputation for wisdom was such that it was thought no dishonour to Solomon to be compared with him. Asaph's name is affixed to several of the psalms. He is mentioned in the Chronicles as a seer and a musician, and it marks the simplicity of the times that he did not disdain to perform on the cymbals. Yet there can be no doubt of his having been a poetical composer; for Hezekiah in reforming the temple service, ordered that the *words of David* and of Asaph should be sung. Of Ethan and Seduthan, the probable composers of several psalms, very little is known, the latter is described in Chron. i. 25, as prophesying with the harp. It would be unprofitable here to enumerate all the arguments and opinions that have been given respecting the different authors of the Psalms. One psalm, 30th, is ascribed to Moses; two or more have been attributed to Solomon: some relate to events evidently as late as the captivity. It may be sufficient to remark, however, that those who are most disposed to abridge the number of David's compositions still leave that number very considerable, and the very circumstance of so many strains being imputed to him argues the high popularity of his memory as a poet.

Or his soul isled to the green pastures by the quiet waters. Or his religious confidence pours forth the metaphors of a warrior in rich and exulting succession "*The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer—my God, my strength, in whom I will trust—my buckler, and the horn of my salvation and my high power.*"

Some of the sacred writers may excite the imagination more powerfully than David, but none of them appeal more interestingly to the heart. Nor is it in tragic so much as in joyous expression that I conceive the power of his genius to consist. Its most inspired aspect appears to present itself, when he looks abroad on the universe with the eye of a poet, and with the breast of a glad and grateful worshipper. When he looks up to the starry firmament, his soul assimilates to the splendour and serenity which he contemplates. This lofty but bland spirit of devotion peculiarly reigns in the 8th and in the 19th Psalm. But, above all, it expands itself in the 104th, into a minute and richly diversified picture of the creation. Verse after verse, in that Psalm, leads on the mind through the various objects of nature as through a mighty landscape, and the atmosphere of the scene is coloured, not with a dim or mystic, but with a clear and warm light of religious feeling. He spreads his sympathies over the face of the world, and rejoices in the power and goodness of its protecting Deity. The impression of that exquisite ode, dilates the heart with a pleasure too instructive and simple to be described. I only forbear to quote its beauties from their being so accessible and familiar. But in speaking of the History of Poetry it would have been an omission not to have named so early and so beautiful a relic of her inspiration.

End of Lecture 2, Part 1.

Anecdotes of Frederic William I. king of Prussia.

Frederic William I. of Prussia, in the beginning of his reign, often wrote his cabinet orders himself. When erecting St. Peter's Church at Berlin, the king, to hasten the building of the steeple, ordered that the workmen should not keep holiday on Monday, but should work on that day. This caused a mutiny among them, which was not suppressed till the governor of Berlin, general Gla-

senapp, had them dispersed by the military, and several put in prison. He reported this circumstance to the king at Potsdam, from whom he received an answer in his own handwriting. The general opened the note, which was written so illegibly, that notwithstanding all his pains, he could not make out any more than the following words: 'you must hang Ring—before I come.' The governor applied to every one about him for advice, but all to no purpose. At last he recollected that one of the officers of the Berlin garrison was named Ring. He was a brave and worthy man; but as the king was to come to Berlin on the following day before noon, no time was to be lost in executing his orders. General Glasenapp had the officer taken into custody, and ordered him to prepare for death at nine o'clock on the following morning. The arrangements for the execution were all made, and the governor only waited the appointed hour, when, at the critical moment, the private secretary of the king, M. von Marschall, happily arrived at Berlin. The general asked him, quite unconcernedly, 'when will the king come?'—'At ten o'clock,' was the reply. 'Then I can give the poor devil, Ring, half an hour more to prepare himself better for death.' 'What do you mean by that?' asked Marschall, surprised. 'I am ordered to have lieutenant Ring executed before the king comes.' 'Why?' 'I do not know; he may perhaps be innocent, but the king will have it.' 'I don't know a word of that,' replied Marschall. 'I have my cabinet order to that effect.' 'Let me see it.' The general then showed the order to the secretary, who, after having perused it, said, 'There is not a word here, that an officer of the name of Ring is to be executed.' 'What then is in it?' 'It is a resolution, in reply to your report on the tumult of the workmen; and the king orders you must proceed in a summary manner, and hang the ringleader before he arrives to-morrow.' 'Well, that is another thing,' said the general, and gave orders that Ring should be set at liberty. The general had now learnt the real meaning of the king; his orders must be executed, and not a moment was to be lost. In his zeal for his majesty's service he was not long in coming to a resolution. Several workmen were in arrest, and

general Glasenapp chose one of them, without enquiring into the degree of his guilt, because he had red hair. He was led to the gallows and hung. No great penetration is necessary, to be sensible of the difference of the years 1720 and 1820, and the progress which has been made, in the interval, in humanity and moral improvement.

Frederic William bought an estate of baron von Appel, with the condition that he should also send the baron's son to the university; who accordingly received, when he went there, four hundred crowns annually for three years. The king wished to give the young baron von Appel an employment, at the end of his studies, but desired first to ascertain whether he had the requisite qualifications; he sent for him and asked him, 'Have you learnt any thing?' 'I could not well do otherwise,' replied the young man, 'for I always remained at home.' 'Why so?' 'Because I am not well-looking, and deformed, and must therefore avoid all contempt and ill treatment.'—'Then you had no quarrels?' 'No, your majesty, but I once received a box on the ear.' 'Why?' 'One, of the name of Freiberg, at Halle, said I was quite disgusting to him.' 'Was he a nobleman?' 'Yes, your majesty.' A long time afterwards, at a review of the regiment of the prince Dietrich, the king met with a young man of the name of Freiberg. 'Have you studied at Halle?' said the king. 'Yes, your majesty.' 'Do you know baron von Appel?' 'Yes.' 'Were you friends?' 'No.' 'Why not?' 'Because we had a quarrel together.' 'And so you call it a quarrel,' cried the king angrily, 'when you gave a poor deformed young man a box on the ear. You have a bad heart; get you gone; I will no longer have you in my service, much less make you an officer.'

Frederic William always called general Peter von Blankensee by his Christian name. He once said to one of his pages, 'Tell Peter to come.' The page went and returned with the answer, that it was impossible for him to come, as he had the gout in his feet. 'Return to him instantly,' (said the king) and tell him, if he don't come directly, he shall ride the wooden horse.' The page delivered his message word for word; the general dressed himself hastily, and entered the king's chamber look-

ing extremely cross. 'Why do you look so sour?' was the first thing that the king said to him. 'I don't know,' (said the general) why your majesty threatens me with the wooden horse, if I did not appear before you instantly. Is that a treatment for an old and faithful servant and general, who lies ill in bed?' 'I didn't think of such a thing,' (said the king) don't be angry; it is a sheer mistake; I only wanted my gunsmith, Wannery. Wannery's Christian name was also Peter, and he commonly went by that name.

The duke of Lorraine, afterwards emperor Francis I., paid a visit to Frederic William in February 1732, at Berlin. There were with the king at that time, Ferdinand Albrecht, duke of Brunswick, and Eberhart Louis, duke of Wirtemberg, with his cousin and successor, Charles Alexander. All these foreign princes were invited to the evening parties. Every evening at 9 o'clock, the officer on duty brought the king a written report, telling him at the same time, if any thing remarkable had happened. One evening he stated that two soldiers had deserted. The king tried to suppress his anger, but said, 'What countrymen are they?' Prince Charles Alexander did not wait for the answer of the person questioned, but said, 'Frenchmen!' 'How does your highness know that?' asked the king, astonished. 'All foreigners here are certainly very curious to know what has brought us foreign princes to Berlin, but they have patience enough to wait the result quietly. This, however, is not the case with the French; they immediately sally forth on such occasions, to brag of what they have seen, and to make others feel that they have been witnesses of what few or none can boast of.' They all laughed at this observation; but the deserters being taken and brought back, the king was very much surprised, when, by the questions which he put to them, he not only learnt that they were Frenchmen, but also that they had ran away for the reasons which the prince had assigned.

To the evening parties of Frederic William, a major of the name of Jurgas had admission. Though possessing a very limited stock of knowledge, he affected the man of letters; and as the king, especially in the first years of his reign, had a great dislike to every thing that had the

appearance of learning, this affectation was doubly displeasing to him, he said to the major, 'You are a fool.' The major, who was already a little intoxicated, replied, 'He is a rascal that says so!' and instantly left the room. All who were present were quite confounded; but the king was the most composed, and after thinking some time said, 'I have provoked him, and it is not to be wondered at if he falls into a passion. But I am an officer as well as he; as a brave soldier I cannot suffer an affront; I am ready to settle the affair either with sword or pistol.' Every one objected to the proposal. 'It is true,' (said several) that your majesty is a knight without fear and without reproach, as well as Bayard, but there is no proportion between a monarch at the head of a state, and another officer, when the question is to settle private differences.' 'But how shall I have satisfaction for my offended honour?' said the king, dissatisfied. 'Why,' (said some) another officer may challenge major von Jurgas, for having offended his superior.' A duel with sabres was then proposed, to be fought by the officer next the king in the battalion of the guards. Lieut. colonel von Einsiedel accordingly challenged major von Jurgas. They fought, and the lieutenant colonel received a slight wound in his arm. Immediately after the duel he went and gave an account of it to the king. There was a knapsack lying in the king's room; 'Look at that knapsack,' said his majesty. Einsiedel took it up, examined it closely, and then hung it over his shoulders. 'Would you be able to cross the street to your quarters, (asked the king) if the knapsack were full of money?' 'Why not?' replied the lieutenant colonel. The king smiled and said, 'I will take you at your word. But I must really see it.' The lieutenant colonel then gave him the knapsack, which he took, and going into the next room, filled it with crown pieces; then calling Einsiedel, he asked him, 'Can you carry it now?' He was answered in the affirmative; when he assisted him up with the knapsack, which was extremely heavy, and then said, 'Go!' The lieutenant colonel set off, and the king, with ardent pleasure, looked out of the window after him, as bending under his load, he proceeded slowly to his quarters.

Nothing could vex Frederic Wil-

liam so much as when any person whom he met in the street, strove to avoid him, because he thought that such person had not a good conscience. One day when he was at Berlin, he saw a well-dressed man, who passed him quickly and ran into a house. The king instantly went after him: 'Why did you run away from me?' asked the monarch, angrily. 'I did not see your majesty,' answered the man, quite confused; 'I was in a hurry for fear of losing a lesson that I have to give in this house.' 'What are you then?' 'A dancing master.' 'Well, then, dance a Saraband before me directly.' The dancing master obeyed, and after he had shown his skill, the king allowed him to depart, and said to him, 'Very well! I think you are an honest fellow. Now go and give your lesson.'

LETTER TO *****

REV. W. L. BOWLES' STRICTURES
On the Life and Writings of
POPE.

BY THE RIGHT HON. LORD BYRON.

"I'll play at *Bacchus* with the sun and moon"—*Old Song*.

"My mither's auld, Sir, and she has rather forgotten hersel in speaking to my Leddy, that canna weel bide to be contradickit, (as I ken naebody like it, if they could help themselves.)"—*Tales of my Landlord, Old Mortality*, vol. ii. page 163.

[We have obtained a copy by an early opportunity of the above named pamphlet, and shall present it entire to our readers.]

LETTER. &c.

RAVENNA, Feb. 7th, 1821.

DEAR SIR: In the different pamphlets which you have had the goodness to send me, on the Pope and Bowles' controversy, I perceive that my name is occasionally introduced by both parties. Mr. Bowles refers more than once to what he is pleased to consider "a remarkable circumstance," not only in his letter to Mr. Campbell, but in his reply to the Quarterly. The Quarterly also and Mr. Gilchrist have conferred on me the dangerous honour of a quotation; and Mr. Bowles indirectly makes a kind of appeal to me personally, by saying, "Lord Byron, if he remembers the circumstance, will witness"—(*WITNESS IN ITALICS*, an obvious character for a testimony at present.)

I shall not avail myself of a "non mi ricordo" even after so long a re-

sidence in Italy;—I do "remember the circumstance,"—and have no reluctance to relate it (since called upon so to do) as correctly as the distance of time and the impression of intervening events will permit me. In the year 1812, more than three years after the publication of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," I had the honour of meeting Mr. Bowles in the house of our venerable host of "Human Life, &c." the last Argonaut of classic English poetry, and the Nestor of our inferior race of living poets. Mr. Bowles calls this "soon after" the publication; but to me three years appear a considerable segment of the immortality of a modern poem. I recollect nothing of "the rest of the company going into another room"—or, though I well remember the topography of our host's elegant and classically furnished mansion, could I swear to the very room where the conversation occurred, though the "taking down the poem" seems to fix it in the library. Had it been "taken up" it would probably have been in the drawing room. I presume also that the "remarkable circumstance" took place after dinner, as I conceive that neither Mr. Bowles' politeness nor appetite would have allowed him to detain "the rest of the company" standing round their chairs in the "other room" while we were discussing "the Woods of Madeira" instead of circulating its vintage. Of Mr. Bowles' "good humour" I have a full and not ungrateful recollection; as also of his gentlemanly manners and agreeable conversation. I speak of the *whole*, and not of particulars; for whether he did or did not use the precise words printed in the pamphlet, I cannot say, nor could he with accuracy. Of "the tone of seriousness" I certainly recollect nothing; on the contrary, I thought Mr. Bowles rather disposed to treat the subject lightly; for he said (I have no objection to be contradicted if incorrect), that some of his good-natured friends had come to him and exclaimed, "Eh! Bowles! how came you to make the Woods of Madeira?" &c. &c. and that he had been at some pains and pulling down of the poem to convince them that he had never made "the Woods" do any thing of the kind. He was right, and *I was wrong*, and have been wrong still up to this acknowledgment; for I ought to have looked twice before I wrote

that which involved an inaccuracy capable of giving pain. The fact was, that although I had certainly before read "the Spirit of Discovery," I took the quotation from the review. But the mistake was mine, and not the review's, which quoted the passage correctly enough, I believe. I blundered!—God knows how—into attributing the tremors of the lovers to the "Woods of Madeira," by which they were surrounded. And I hereby do fully and freely declare and asseverate, that the Woods did *not* tremble to a kiss, and that the lovers did. I quote from memory—

A kiss

Stole on the listening silence, &c. &c.

They (the lovers) trembled, even as if the power, &c.

And if I had been aware that this declaration would have been in the smallest degree satisfactory to Mr. Bowles, I should not have waited nine years to make it, notwithstanding that "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" had been suppressed some time previously to my meeting him at Mr. Rogers'. Our worthy host might indeed have told him as much, as it was at his representation that I suppressed it. A new edition of that lampoon was preparing for the press, when Mr. Rogers represented to me, that "I was now acquainted with many of the persons mentioned in it, and with some on terms of intimacy;" and that he knew "one family in particular to whom its suppression would give pleasure." I did not hesitate one moment, it was cancelled instantly; and it is no fault of mine that it has ever been republished. When I left England, in April, 1816, with no very violent intentions of troubling that country again, and amidst scenes of various kinds to distract my attention—almost my last act, I believe, was to sign a power of attorney, to yourself, to prevent or suppress any attempts (of which several had been made in Ireland) at a republication. It is proper that I should state, that the persons with whom I was subsequently acquainted, whose names had occurred in that publication, were made my acquaintances at their own desire, or through the unsought intervention of others. I never, to the best of my knowledge, sought a personal introduction to any. Some of them to this day I know only by correspondence; and with one of those it was begun by myself, in conse-

quence, however, of a polite verbal communication from a third person.

I have dwelt for an instant on these circumstances, because it has sometimes been made a subject of bitter reproach to me to have endeavoured to suppress that satire. I never shrunk, as those who know me know, from any personal consequences which could be attached to its publication. Of its subsequent suppression, as I possessed the copyright, I was the best judge and the sole master. The circumstances which occasioned the suppression I have now stated; of the motives, each must judge according to his candour or malignity. Mr. Bowles does me the honour to talk of "noble mind," and "generous magnanimity;" and all this because "the circumstance would have been explained had not the book been suppressed." I see no "nobility of mind" in an act of simple justice; and I hate the word "magnanimity," because I have sometimes seen it applied to the grossest of impostors by the greatest of fools; but I would have "explained the circumstance," notwithstanding "the suppression of the book," if Mr. Bowles had expressed any desire that I should. As the "gallant Galbraith" says to Baillie Jarvie, "Well, the devil take the mistake and all that occasioned it." I have had as great and greater mistakes made about me personally and poetically, once a month for these last ten years, and never cared very much about correcting one or the other, at least after the first eight and forty hours had gone over them.

I must now, however, say a word or two about Pope, of whom you have my opinion more at large in the unpublished letter on or to (for I forget which) the editor of "Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine;"—and here I doubt that Mr. Bowles will not approve of my sentiments.

Although I regret having published "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," the part which I regret the least is that which regards Mr. Bowles with reference to Pope. Whilst I was writing that publication, in 1807 and 1808, Mr. Hobhouse was desirous that I should express our mutual opinion of Pope, and of Mr. Bowles' edition of his works. As I had completed my outline, and felt lazy, I requested that he would do so. He did it. His fourteen lines on Bowles' Pope are

in the first edition of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers;" and are quite as severe and much more poetical than my own in the second. On reprinting the work, as I put my name to it, I omitted Mr. Hobhouse's lines, and replaced them with my own, by which the work gained less than Mr. Bowles. I have stated this in the preface to the second edition. It is many years since I have read that poem; but the Quarterly Review, Mr. Octavius Gilchrist, and Mr. Bowles himself, have been so obliging as to refresh my memory, and that of the public. I am grieved to say, that in reading over those lines, I repent of their having so far fallen short of what I meant to express up on the subject of Bowles' edition of Pope's Works. Mr. Bowles says, that "Lord Byron knew he does not deserve this character." I know no such thing. I have met Mr. Bowles occasionally, in the best society in London; he appeared to me an amiable, well informed, and extremely able man. I desire nothing better than to dine in company with such a mannered man every day in the week: but of "his character" I know nothing personally; I can only speak of his manners, and these have my warmest approbation. But I never judge from manners, for I once had my pocket picked by the civilised gentleman I ever met with; and one of the mildest persons I ever saw was Ali Pacha. Of Mr. Bowles' "character" I will not do him the *injustice* to judge from the edition of Pope, if he prepared it heedlessly; nor the *justice*, should it be otherwise, because I would neither become a literary executioner, nor a personal one. Mr. Bowles the individual, and Mr. Bowles the editor, appear the two most opposite things imaginable.

"And he himself one — antithesis."

I won't say "vile," because it is harsh; nor "mistaken," because it has two syllables too many; but every one must fill up the blank as he pleases.

What I saw of Mr. Bowles increased my surprise and regret that he should ever have lent his talents to such a task. If he had been a fool, there would have been some excuse for him; if he had been a needy or a bad man, his conduct would have been intelligible; but he is the opposite of all these; and thinking and feeling as I do of Pope, to me the whole thing is unaccountable. How-

ever, I must call things by their right names. I cannot call his edition of Pope a "candid" work; and I still think that there is an affectation of that quality not only in those volumes, but in the pamphlets lately published.

"Why yet he doth deny his prisoners."

Mr. Bowles says, that "he has seen passages in his letters to Martha Blount which were never published by me, and I *hope never will* be by others; which are so gross as to imply the *grossest* licentiousness." Is this fair play? It may, or it may not be that such passages exist; and that Pope, who was not a monk, although a catholic, may have occasionally sinned in word and deed with woman in his youth; but is this a sufficient ground for such a sweeping denunciation? Where is the unmarried Englishman of a certain rank of life, who (provided he has not taken orders) has not to reproach himself between the ages of sixteen and thirty with far more licentiousness than has ever yet been traced to Pope? Pope lived in the public eye from his youth upwards; he had all the dunce of his own time for his enemies, and, I am sorry to say, some, who have not the apology of dulness for detraction, since his death; and yet to what do all their accumulated hints and charges amount?—to an equivocal *liaison* with Martha Blount, which might arise as much from his infirmities as from his passions, to a hopeless flirtation with Lady Mary W. Montagu; to a story of Cibber's; and to two or three coarse passages in his works. Who could come forth clearer from an invidious inquest on a life of fifty six years? Why are we to be officiously reminded of such passages in his letters, provided that they exist. Is Mr. Bowles aware to what such rummaging among "letters" and "stories" might lead? I have myself seen a collection of letters of another eminent, nay, pre-eminent, deceased poet, so abominably gross, and elaborately coarse, that I do not believe that they could be paralleled in our language. What is more strange, is, that some of these are couched as *postscripts* to his serious and sentimental letters, to which are tacked either a piece of prose, or some verses, of the most hyperbolical indecency. He himself says, that if "obscenity (using a much coarser word) be the sin against the Holy Ghost, he most certainly

canno
in ex
many
edito
allud
have
spect
furth
of P
W
of A
pass
Geor
publ
disor
War
him
die;
thin
like
this
pos
this
men
if tr
pole
sent
whe
pea
luck
Not
the
a f
wit
can
thr
tha
fals
not
for
nat
pro
tha
W
to
thi
yo
no
of
no
he
ne
w
an
te
th
th
se
m
p
of
h
it
a
it

cannot be saved." These letters are in existence, and have been seen by many besides myself; but would his *editor* have been "*candid*" in even alluding to them? Nothing would have even provoked me, an indifferent spectator, to allude to them, but this further attempt at the depreciation of Pope.

What should we say to an editor of Addison, who cited the following passage from Walpole's letters to George Montagu? "Dr. Young has published a new book, &c. Mr. Addison sent for the young earl of Warwick, as he was dying, to show him in what peace a Christian could die; unluckily he died of *brady*: nothing makes a Christian die in peace like being maudlin! but don't say this in Gath where you are." Suppose the editor introduced it with this preface: "One circumstance is mentioned by Horace Walpole, which, if true, was indeed *flagitious*. Walpole informs Montagu that Addison sent for the young earl of Warwick, when dying, to show him in what peace a Christian could die; but unluckily he died drunk, &c. &c." Now, although there might occur on the subsequent, or on the same page, a faint show of disbelief, seasoned with the expression of "the *same candour*," (the *same* exactly as throughout the book) I should say that this editor was either foolish or false to his trust; such a story ought not to have been admitted, except for one brief mark of crushing indignation, unless it were *completely proved*. Why the words "*if true*?" that "*if*" is not a peace-maker. Why talk of "Cibber's testimony" to his licentiousness? to what does this amount? that Pope when very young was *once* decoyed by some noblemen and the player to a house of carnal recreation. Mr. Bowles was not always a clergyman; and when he was a very young man, was he never seduced into as much? If I were in the humour for story telling, and relating little anecdotes, I could tell a much better story of Mr. Bowles than Cibber's, upon much better authority, viz. that of Mr. Bowles himself. It was not related by *him* in my presence, but in that of a third person, whom Mr. Bowles names oftener than once in the course of his replies. This gentleman related it to me as a humorous and witty anecdote; and so it was, whatever its other characteristics might be.

But should I, for a youthful frolic, brand Mr. Bowles with a "libertine sort of love," or with "licentiousness?" is he the less now a pious or a good man, for not having always been a priest? No such thing; I am willing to believe him a good man, almost as good a man as Pope, but no better.

The truth is, that in these days the grand "*primum mobile*" of England is *cant*; cant political, cant poetical, cant religious, cant moral; but always cant, multiplied through all the varieties of life. It is the fashion, and while it lasts will be too powerful for those who can only exist by taking the tone of the time. I say *cant*, because it is a thing of words, without the smallest influence upon human actions; the English being no wiser, no better, and much poorer and more divided amongst themselves, as well as far less moral, than they were before the prevalence of this verbal decorum. This hysterical horror of poor Pope's not very well ascertained, and never fully proved amours, (for even Cibber owns that he prevented the somewhat perilous adventure in which Pope was embarking) sounds very virtuous in a controversial pamphlet; but all men of the world who know what life is, or at least what it was to them in their youth, must laugh at such a ludicrous foundation of the charge of "a libertine sort of love;" while the more serious will look upon those who bring forward such charges upon an insulated fact, as fanatics or hypocrites, perhaps both. The two are sometimes compounded in a happy mixture.

Mr. Octavius Gilchrist speaks rather irreverently of a "second tumbler of hot white wine negus." What does he mean? Is there any harm in negus? or is it the worse for being *hot*? or does Mr. Bowles drink negus? I had a better opinion of him. I hoped that whatever wine he drank was neat; or at least, that like the ordinary in Jonathan Wild, "he preferred *punch*, the rather as there was nothing against it in Scripture." I should be sorry to believe that Mr. Bowles was fond of negus; it is such a "candid" liquor, so like a wishy-washy compromise between the passion for wine and the propriety of water. But different writers have divers tastes. Judge Blackstone composed his "Commentaries" (he was a poet too in his youth) with a bottle

of port before him. Addison's conversation was not good for much till he had taken a similar dose. Perhaps the prescription of these two great men was not inferior to the very different one of a soi-disant poet of this day, who, after wandering amongst the hills, returns, goes to bed, and dictates his verses, being fed by a bystander with bread and butter during the operation.

I now come to Mr. Bowles' "invariable principles of poetry." These Mr. Bowles and some of his correspondents pronounce "unanswerable;" and they are "unanswered," at least by Campbell, who seems to have been astounded by the title. The sultan of the time being offered to ally himself to a king of France, because "he hated the word league;" which proves that the Padishan understood French. Mr. Campbell has no need of my alliance, nor shall I presume to offer it; but I do hate that word "*invariable*?" What is there of *human*, be it poetry, philosophy, wit, wisdom, science, power, glory, mind, matter, life, or death, which is "*invariable*?" Of course I put things divine out of the question. Of all arrogant baptisms of a book, this title to a pamphlet appears the most complacently conceited. It is Mr. Campbell's part to answer the contents of this performance, and especially to vindicate his own "Ship," which Mr. Bowles must triumphantly proclaim to have struck to his very first fire.

"Quoth he, there was a *Snip*;

Now let me go, thou grey-haired loon,

Or my staff shall make thee skip."

It is no affair of mine, but having once begun (certainly not by my own wish, but called upon by the frequent recurrence to my name in the pamphlets, I am like an Irishman in a "row," "any body's customer." I shall therefore say a word or two on the "Ship."

Mr. Bowles asserts that Campbell's "Ship of the Line" derives all its poetry not from "*art*" but from "*nature*." "Take away the waves, the winds, the sun, &c. &c. one will become a stripe of blue bunting; and the other a piece of coarse canvas on three tall poles." Very true; take away the "waves," "the winds," and there will be no ship at all, not only for poetical, but for any other purpose; and take away "the sun," and we must read Mr. Bowles's pamphlet by candle-light. But the "pos-

try" of the "Ship" does *not* depend on "the waves," &c.; on the contrary, the "Ship of the Line" confers its own poetry upon the waves, and heightens *theirs*, I do not deny, that the "waves and winds," and above all "the sun," are highly poetical; we know it to our cost, by the many descriptions of them in verse: but if the waves bore only the foam upon their bosoms, if the winds wafted only the sea weed to the shore, if the sun shone neither upon pyramids, nor fleets, nor fortresses, would its beams be equally poetical? I think not: the poetry is at least reciprocal. Take away "the Ship of the Line" "swinging round" the "calm water," and the calm water becomes a somewhat monotonous thing to look at, particularly if not transparently *clear*; witness the thousands who pass by without looking on it at all. What was it attracted the thousands to the launch? they might have seen the poetical "calm water" at Wapping, or in the "London Dock," or in the Paddington Canal, or in a horse-pond, or in a slop-basin, or in any other vase. They might have heard the poetical winds howling through the chinks of a pigsty, or the garret window; they might have seen the sun shining on a footman's livery, or on a brass warming-pan; but could the "calm water," or the "wind," or the "sun," make all, or any of these "poetical?" I think not. Mr. Bowles admits "the Ship" to be poetical, but only from those accessories: now if they *confer* poetry so as to make one thing poetical, they would make other things poetical; the more so, as Mr. Bowles calls a "ship of the line" without them, that is to say, its "masts and sails and streamers," "blue bunting," and "coarse canvass," and "tall poles." So they are; and porcelain is clay, and man is dust, and flesh is grass, and yet the two latter at least are the subjects of much poetry.

Did Mr. Bowles ever gaze upon the sea? I presume that he has, at least upon a sea-piece. Did any painter ever paint the sea *only*, without the addition of a ship, boat, wreck, or some such adjunct? Is the sea itself a more attractive, a more moral, a more poetical object, with or without a vessel, breaking its vast but fatiguing monotony? Is a storm more poetical without a ship? or, in the poem of the Shipwreck, is it the storm or the ship which most inter-

ests? both *much* undoubtedly; but, without the vessel, what should we care for the tempest? It would sink into mere descriptive poetry, which in itself was never esteemed a high order of that art.

I look upon myself as entitled to talk of naval matters, at least to poets:—with the exception of Walter Scott, Moore, and Southey, perhaps, who have been voyagers, I have *swam* more miles than all the rest of them together now living ever *sa-led*, and have lived for months and months on shipboard; and, during the whole period of my life abroad, have scarcely ever passed a month out of sight of the ocean: besides being brought up from two years till ten on the brink of it. I recollect, when anchored off Cape Sigeum in 1810, in an English frigate, a violent squall coming on at sunset, so violent as to make us imagine that the ship would part cable, or drive from her anchorage. Mr. Hobhouse and myself, and some officers, had been up the Dardanelles to Abydos, and were just returned in time. The aspect of a storm in the Archipelago is as poetical as need be, the sea being particularly short, dashing, and dangerous, and the navigation intricate and broken by the isles and currents. Cape Sigeum, the tumuli of the Troad, Lemnos, Tenedos, all added to the associations of the time. But what seemed the most "*poetic*" of all at the moment, were the numbers (about two hundred) of Greek and Turkish craft, which were obliged to "cut and run" before the wind, from their unsafe anchorage, some for Tenedos, some for other isles, some for the main, and some it might be for eternity. The sight of these little scudding vessels, darting over the foam in the twilight, now appearing and now disappearing between the waves in the cloud of night, with their peculiarly *white* sails, (the Levant sails not being of "*coarse canvass*," but of white cotton) skimming along as quickly, but less safely than the same vessels which hovered over them; their evident distress, their reduction to fluttering specks in the distance, their crowded succession, their *little-ness*, as contending with the giant element, which made our stout forty-four's *teak* timbers, she was built in India) creak again; their aspect and their motion, all struck me as something far more "poetical" than the mere broad, brawling, shipless sea,

and the sullen winds, could possibly have been without them.

[*To be continued.*]

THE FRIARS OF DIJON:

A TALE.

BY T. CAMPBELL.

From the March No. of the New Monthly Magazine.

[It is marvellous that a poet of Campbell's exalted character should degrade his name by attaching it to such trash as the following. Any thing avowedly from his pen must, however, be an object of curiosity, and therefore, in the present instance, we give an insertion to a production that has nothing intrinsic to entitle it to a place in our pages.]

WHEN honest men confessed their sins,
And paid the church genteelly,
In Burgundy two Capuchins
Lived jovially and freely.

They marched about from place to place
With shift and dispensation;
And mended broken consciences,
Soul-tinkers by vocation.

One friar was Father Boniface,
And he ne'er knew disquiet,
Save when condemned to saying grace
O'er mortifying diet.

The other was lean Dominick,
Whose slender form and sallow
Woul scarce have made a candlewick
For Boniface's tallow.

Albeit he tiptoed like a fish,
Though not the same potation;
And mortal man ne'er cleared a dish
With numbler mastication.

Those saints without the shirts arrived
One evening late to pigeon
A country pair for alms, that lived
About a league from Dijon;

Whose supper pot was set to boil
On faggots briskly crackling:
The friars entered with a smile
To Jacques and to Jacqueline.

They bow'd, and blessed the dame, and then
In pious terms besought her,
To give two holy-minded men
A meal of bread and water.

For water and a crust they crave,
Those mouths that even on Lent days
Scarce knew the taste of water, save
When watering for dainties.

Quoth Jacques, "That were sorry cheer
For men fatigued and dusty;
And if ye supped on crusts, I fear,
You'd go to bed but crusty."

So forth he brought a flask of rich
Wine, fit to feast Silenus,

And vizards, at the sight of which
They laugh'd like two hyenas.

Alternately the host and spouse
Regaled each pardon gauger,
Who told them tales right marvellous,
And lied as for a wager—

'Bout churches like balloons conveyed
With aeronautic martyrs,
And wells made warm, where holy maid
Had only dipt her garters.

And if their hearers gaped, I guess,
With jaws three inch asunder,
'Twas partly out of weariness,
And partly out of wonder.

Then striking up duets, the Freres
Went on to sing in matches,
From psalms to sentimental airs,
From these to glees and catches.

At last they would have danced outright,
Like a baboon and tame bear,
If Jacques had not drunk good night,
And shown them to their chamber.

The room was high, the host's was nigh—
Had wife or he suspicion,
That monks would make a raree-show
Of chinks in the partition?—

Or that two confessors would come,
Their holy ears outreaching
To conversations as hum-drum
Almost as their own preaching?

Shame on you, Friars of orders gray,
That peeping knelt and wriggling,
And when ye should have gone to pray,
Betook yourselves to giggling!

But every deed will have its meed;
And hark what information
Has made the sinners, in a trice,
Look black with consternation.

The farmer on a hone prepares
His knife, a long and keen one;
And talks of killing both the Freres,
The fat one and the lean one.

To-morrow, by the break of day,
He orders too, salt-petre,
And pickling tubs; but, reader, stay,
Our host was no man-eater.

The priests knew not that country folk
Gave pigs the name of friars;
And stalked witless of the joke,
As if they'd trod on briars.

Meanwhile as they perspired with dread,
The hair of either craven
Had stood erect upon his head,
But that their heads were shaven.

What, pickle and smoke us limb by limb!
G—d curse him and his lardners!
St. Peter will bedevil him,
If he salt-petres Friars.

Yet, Dominick, to die!—the bare
Idea shakes one oddly—
Yes, Boniface, 'tis time we were
Beginning to be godly.

Would that, for absolution's sake
Of all our sins and cogging,
We had a whip, to give and take
A last kind mutual flogging.

O Dominick, thy nether end
Should bleed for expiation,
And thou shalt have, my dear fat friend,
A glorious flagellation.

But having ne'er a switch, poor souls,
They bow'd like weeping willows,
And told the saints long rigmaroles
Of all their peccadilloes.

Yet 'midst this penitential plight
A thought their fancies tickled,
'Twere better brave the window's height
Than be at morning pickled.

And so they girt themselves to leap,
Both under breath imploring
A regiment of saints to keep
Their host and hostess snoring.

The lean one lighted like a cat,
Then scamper'd off like Jehu,
Nor stopp'd to help the man of fat,
Whose cheek was of a clay hue.

Who, being by nature more design'd
For resting than for jumping,
Fell heavy on his parts behind,
That broaden'd with the plumping.

There long beneath the window's sconce
His bruises he sat pawing,
Squat as the figure of a bonzo
Upon a Chinese drawing.

At length he waddled to a sty;
The pigs, you'd thought for game sake,
Came round and nosed him lovingly,
As if they'd known their namesake.

Meanwhile the other flew to town
And with short respiration,
Brayed like a donkey up and down
Ass—ass—ass—assination!

Men left their beds, and night-capp'd
heads
Popp'd out from every casement;
The cats ran frightened on the leads,
Dijon was all amazement.

Doors bang'd, dogs bay'd, and boys hur-
ra'd.
Throats gaped aghast in bare rows,
Till soundest-sleeping watchmen woke,
And even at last the mayor rose.

Ass—quothe the priest—ass—assina, sir,
Are (hence a league or nigher)
About to salt, scrape, massacre
And barrel up a friar.

Soon at the magistrate's command
A troop from the gens-d'armes house
Of twenty men rode, sword in hand,
To storm the bloody farm's house.

As they were cantering toward the place
Comes Jacques to the swine-yard,
But started when a great round face
Cried 'rascal, hold thy whynyard.'

'Twas Boniface as mad's King Lear,
Playing antics in the piggery:—
'And what the d—I brought you here,
You mountain of a friar, eh?'

Ah, once how jolly, now how wan,
And blubber'd with the vapours,
That frantic Capuchin began
To cut fantastic capers—

Crying, 'help, hollo, the bellows blow,
The pot is on to stew me,
I am a pretty pig, but no,
They shall not barbacue me.'

Nor was this raving fit a sham,
In truth he was hysterical,
Until they brought him out a dram,
And that wrought like a miracle.

Just as the horseman halted near,
Crying Murderer stop, oh, oh!
Jacques was comforting the frere
With a good glass of noyau—

Who beckon'd to them not to kick up
A row: but, waxing mellow,
Squeez'd 'd Jacques' hand, and with a hiccup
Said, You're a d——d good fellow.

Explaining lost but little breath:—
Here ended all the matter;
So God save Queen Elizabeth,
And long live Henry Quartre!

The gens-d'armes at the story broke
Into horse fits of laughter,
And, as if they had known the joke,
Their horses neighed thereafter.

Lean Dominick, methinks his chops
Yawn'd weary, worn, and moody;
So may my readers too perhaps,
And thus I wish'em good day.

THE DOGE OF VENICE.

We have hastily read this last and beautiful performance of Lord Byron, and are enabled, through the kindness of the publishers, to give our readers a few extracts in anticipation of its publication, reserving a fuller criticism upon it for our next number. The circumstances upon which the tragedy is founded are, we believe, pretty well known; but a short sketch of the plot may not be unacceptable to our readers. Marino Faliero, the Doge, had married late in life a young and lovely woman. At the period with which the drama opens a gross and unfounded insult had been offered him by Steno, a Venetian senator, who had inscribed on the wall some lines reflecting on the honour of the Doge and

the fidelity of his wife. Complaint was made to the Avogadori, who, instead of inflicting punishment, referred the matter to the Council of Forty, of which Steno was a member. The drama opens with a conversation between the Doge and his nephew, Bertuccio Faliero, who await with anxiety the decision of "The Forty." A mild sentence is pronounced. The haughty and sensitive disposition of the Doge, more irritated at this than the original offence, led him to meditate vengeance against the aristocracy. At the moment of exasperation he is petitioned for redress by Israel Bertuccio, a plebeian, who had received an insult from a noble, and finding that Bertuccio, with a number of others, had formed a conspiracy to overthrow the aristocracy, he resolves to engage in it. He visits the conspirators, is appointed their leader, and preparations are made for an attack on the next day. The plot is betrayed, however, by one of the band, and the conspirators, together with the Doge, arrested at the moment of striking the blow. After a brief trial, they are all executed.

Our readers will be struck with many points of resemblance in the scene, story and characters, to the Venice Preserved of Otway. Lord Byron tells us, however, in a note, that the coincidences must be accidental, as he had not read Venice Preserved for ten years. Of the many nervous and beautiful passages in this poem, we have room for only a few.

The following extract is from the first act, after the sentence upon Steno is made known to the Doge.

DOGE.

Oh, that the Genoese were in the port!
Oh, that the Huns whom I o'erthrew at
Zara
Were ranged around the palace!

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

'Tis not well

In Venice' Duke to say so.

DOGE.

Venice' Duke!

Who now is Duke in Venice? let me see
him,
That he may do me right.

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

If you forget

Your office, and its dignity and duty,
Remember that of man, and curb this
passion.

The duke of Venice—

DOGE (*interrupting him*.)

There is no such thing—
It is a word—nay, worse—a worthless by-
word:

The most despised, wrong'd, outrag'd,
helpless wretch,

Who begs his bread, if 'tis refused by one,
May win it from another kinder heart;
But he, who is denied his right by those
Whose place it is to do no wrong, is poorer
Than the rejected beggar—he's a slave—
And that am I, and thou, and all our house,
Even from this hour; the meanest artisan

Will point the finger, and the haughty
noble

May spit upon us'—where is our redress?

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

The law, my prince—

DOGE (*interrupting him*.)

You see what it has done—

I ask'd no remedy but from the law—
I sought no vengeance but redress by law—
I call'd no judges but those named by law:
As sovereign, I appeal'd unto my subjects,
The very subjects who had made me sove-
reign,

And gave me thus a double right to be so.
The rights of place and choice, of birth and
service,

Honors and years, these scars, these hoary
hairs,
The travel toil, the perils, the fatigues,
The blood and sweat of almost eighty years
Were weigh'd i' the balance, 'gainst the
foulest stain,

The grossest insult, most contemptuous
crime,

Of a rank, rash patrician—and found want-
ing!

And this is to be borne?

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

I say not that:—

In case your fresh appeal should be re-
jected,

We will find other means to make all
even.

DOGE.

Appeal again! art thou my brother's son?
A scion of the house of Faliero?

The nephew of a Doge? and of that blood
Which had already given three dukes to
Venice?

But thou say'st well—we must be humble
now.

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

My princely uncle! you are too much
moved:

I grant it was a gross offence, and grossly
Left without fitting punishment; but still
This fury doth exceed the provocation.
Or any provocation: if we are wrong'd,
We will ask justice; if it be denied,
We'll take it: but may do all this in
calmness—

*Deep Vengeance is the daughter of deep
Silence.*

I have yet scarce a third part of your
years,

I love our house, I honour you, its chief,
The guardian of my youth, and its in-
structor—

But though I understand your grief, and
enter

In part of your disdain, it doth appal me
To see your anger, like our Adrian waves,
O'ersweep all bounds, and foam itself to
air.

DOGE.

I tell thee—*must* I tell thee—what thy
father

Would have required no words to com-
prehend?

Hast thou no feeling save the external
sense

Of torture from the touch? hast thou no
soul—

No pride—no passion—no deep sense of
honour?

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

'Tis the first time that honour has been
doubted,

And were the last, from any other sceptic.

DOGE.

You know the full offence of this born
villain,

This creeping, coward, rank, acquitted
felon,

Who threw his sting into a poisonous libel,
And on the honour of—oh God!—my wife,
The nearest, dearest part of all men's
honour,

Left a base slur to pass from mouth to
mouth

Of loose mechanics, with all coarse foul
comments,

And villanous jests, and blasphemies ob-
scene;

While sneering nobles, in more polish'd
guise,

Whisper'd the tale, and smiled upon the
lie

Which made me look like them—a cour-
teous wittol,

Patient—ay, proud, it may be, of dis-
honour.

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

But still it was a lie—you knew it false,
And so did all men.

DOGE.

Nephew, the high Roman
Said, "Cæsar's wife must not even be
suspected,"

And put her from him.

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

True—but in those days—

DOGE.

What is it that a Roman would not suffer,
That a Venetian prince must bear? Old
Dandolo

Refused the diadem of all the Cæsars,
And wore the ducal cap I trample on,

Because 'tis now degraded.

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

'Tis even so.

DOGE.

It is—it is—I did not visit on
The innocent creature thus most vilely
slander'd

Because she took an old man for her lord,
For that he had been long her father's
friend

And patron of her house, as if there were
No love in woman's heart but lust of youth
And beardless faces—I did not for this
Visit the villain's infamy on her,
But craved my country's justice on his
head, &c.

THE LITERARY GAZETTE

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

BY JAMES MAXWELL,

Corner of Fourth and Walnut-streets,

AT SIX DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

Payable on the first of June.

Single numbers 12 1-2 cents.

Subscribers who are desirous of obtaining
the Literary Gazette monthly, will be sup-
plied with 4 numbers on the first of each
month, stitched in covers.